

AZUR SUMMER

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“No matter how I look at it... This is *way* too shady.”

Kay glanced down at the object he was holding in his hand with a raised eyebrow apparent on his face. It wasn't like he had been sorting through his mail or anything like that, and he hadn't picked up the *envelope* from anywhere in particular upon returning home for the day. He had simply placed his hand down on his desk, lifted it again, and that envelope was *in* his hand. He couldn't deny the possibility that he'd maybe not noticed it there before, but its point of origin wasn't the *only* reason that he was skeptical.

It was a small envelope, one that was designed for something like a small card rather than a letter. There was no writing on the front to identify who had sent it or even to *whom* it was being sent. Was it possible it had been meant for someone else in his household? Perhaps. Turning it over revealed a *different* mystery, though. The envelope was closed with an old fashioned *seal*. Done up in red, it looked like it was designed to resemble... a pair of ropes? Or were they tails?

If they *were* two tails, then he had even more of a reason to doubt this was a good thing.

“Well, only one way to find out...” Against his better judgment, Kay went ahead and opened the envelope so that he could pull out its contents. All that he found inside was a small card. One that read, in red ink that matched the seal's color, the following: ***YOU'RE INVITED!*** ***“INVITED TO WHAT!?”*** There was absolutely no information provided beyond that. Why would you exclude that? Unless... there was no *need* to include it for some reason?

Had Kay's voiced confusion triggered it, or was it something that had been predetermined to happen no matter what once the man had read the card? These were questions that he didn't have any answers to too, and instead he was left to express shock at the sensation of the world around him disorienting. It was as if his surroundings had been blotted out into darkness, only to be reconstructed as that light bled back in – leaving him standing in a different location altogether.

“...Huh?” The second he could properly perceive what surrounded him again, the man took a step back. Because he had been standing only a foot away from what looked to be the edge of a crystal clear pool. There was a salty breeze in the air, and after turning around he could see *why*. What he was standing on was actually the elaborately designed deck of what *appeared* to be a cruise ship. He could see the ocean beyond a nearby ledge, and the main bulk of the ship was to his side. **“Hisa...”**

So, the double tailed seal *had* been a clue. That nekomata was up to one of her tricks again! And Kay himself didn't realize how dire things were until he finally noticed his clothing interacting poorly with his body. The man looked down. **“AH!?”** And he was *not* wearing his usual outfit! He was wearing a... white bikini? One with navy blue roses, straps and a matching thigh belt and... arm straps? Not to mention the loose tuft of silk that hung off of his hip. *None* of it fit. It was too loose up top, and too tight down below.

“Why am I wearing *this*?” The fit aside, it clearly wasn't designed for *him* to wear it. Much more sense would have been made of things if it had been worn on a woman, but he very clearly was *not* based on the bulge pushing against the bikini's bottom. He couldn't help with his body bare, especially when Kay didn't consider himself to be in the *best* shape. Although when it came to *that fact* in particular, he became acutely aware that something was *actually* wrong relative to his build.

Things felt *tight*. And in this case, it wasn't his clothing (aside from his crotch of course). It was a feeling similar to when you skin dried out and it began to pull against the rest of your body, but the implications in this case were a little... *different*. It was focused largely around the man's chest, stomach, upper arms and legs... anywhere where there was a little bit of extra body fat, in fact. And the tighter things felt? The *thinner* he became. **“Uh...”** He would have to table that strange and effeminate ring to his voice for the time being too, but he *was* writing it off as a mere voice crack for the time being.

“Weight loss to start, okay... And my voice...” There was almost something vaguely *sweet* about Kay's tone, *maidenly* even. All signs of

what were to come, and signs that made all the more sense as those changes *continued*. While the excess weight upon his body faded, he became thinner and *smaller* in different ways too. Just take his waistline and shoulders pinching in – a change that left his hips seeming *significantly* wider by contrast and his gait more maidenly.

Kay's hands and feet followed a similar trend. The former became small and dainty before anything else, fingernails pulling a little longer while being shaped with a proper manicure. It would be harder to hold large objects with those shrunken hands, just as he was having a little bit of trouble balancing upon feet that were smaller themselves. His heels rounded, smoothed, and flattened, whereas toes became tinier with properly clipped nails. They were very much the feet of a *woman*, and they *clashed* with the rest of his body even despite his weight loss.

Fortunately for him? This dissonance did not linger for very long. “**Ah!?**” The sensation of the man's point of view rapidly plummeting overwhelmed every other sensation at the time. As his eyes went wide? They began to shine with an icy blue that replaced the dark brown that he had been born with. The lashes upon them fluttered too, added length just another sign of the femininity that oh so desperately shoved itself into place.

He had stood at almost six feet before, but now? He had to be around 5'8” or so – and continued to grow smaller. But his face continued to change structurally in the meantime. His cheeks raised and slimmed alike, and her chin narrowed. These changes made the man's *lips* stand out all the more, bloating into a full puffy shape beneath a buttoned nose. Thinned eyebrows sat atop his fuller eyes too, though the dark brown of those brows was replaced with a silvery white instead.

“**And now I've gotten so much smaller...**” Kay *had* to be about 5'4” when all was said and done, and that height drop was just another small part of what was happening. Seemingly the mass that had been lost as his limbs and torso had been *redistributed* rather than lost forever however, and one such case was his *hair*. Dark brown locks were quick to take the same silver as his eyebrows... before that short silver spilled *dramatically* out and over his shoulders. The hair fanned out and thickened as it grew all of the way down to just above his ass, while elongated bangs? They were brushed across his right eye. “**My hair?**”

As much as he wouldn't have minded examining that hair a little more closely, the mass lost from his height loss that *hadn't* been turned into hair became a *lot* more distracting. Largely because of *where* that weight reappeared. This far? None of his changes had really helped him fit into the bikini he was wearing, but a bloated, puffy feeling in his chest

that began with his nipples growing erect and then... *swelling*. To almost three times their original size. “...*Ah*.”

The man seemed to be resolved to his fate, or perhaps he was *happy*? It seemed like he was having a hard time thinking negatively about this situation, and he just watched with vague interest as mass began to accumulate swollen nipple and push out his bikini top like a tent being erected. Morbid curiosity took hold more than anything, and slender fingers reached up to give the mass – a mass that somehow felt increasingly *familiar* as memories vaguely began to line up with his form – a firm squeeze. Before long, the *F-cups* that had grown fit the bikini a little *too* well. It was too tight.

Not that the top was alone. The snugness of the bottom portion became just as prominent, and he found himself struggling to pick a deepening wedgie thanks to the cheeks of his ass flourishing. They expanded with a jiggle until they were as round as a pair of plush peaches, whereas his thighs below swelled until the green straps bound to them dug into his flesh. *Her* flesh. “*Ahn!?*” The woman felt a little embarrassed to have made such a sound, but the sensation of her cock and balls being squeezed free of any contents into the void until they shriveled away entirely was *pleasant*. The front of her bikini bottom was entirely flat now.

She could recall trimming her silver pubes to prevent that from happening.

“**Hmm... Well, I suppose it doesn't matter how this happened so long as I make the best of it, no?**” Despite the changes to her demeanor and personality, as well as the new additions to her memories that cemented her identity as the ship girl, *Brennus*? The identity of ‘Kay’ had not, and *would not*, been erased from her own ego. She carried herself with all of the elegance of the *Wielder of Twin Swords* while recalling her roots. She just simply didn't identify it as an issue any longer. “**I'm a beautiful woman enjoying vacation upon a cruise ship, after all!**”



Was there anything *to* complain about with things as they were? The woman ran a hand through her silver hair and adjusted her bikini, alleviating the vague wedgie her ass growth had given her and tucking her big breasts properly into her bikini's cups. **“Now that all of that is settled, what shall I do? I'm the first one at the pool today, it seems. Perhaps I'll sunbathe until a swim partner appears?”** Or two?

Why did Brennus feel like she had come on this cruise with two others?

One of those two others was actually on the ship at that very moment, just on the opposite end. Joseph found himself in an equally unoccupied locale: what seemed to be an outdoor bar upon the cruise ship. But how had he ended up there? **“It must have been that weird invitation that I opened... So, this really was one of *her* tricks, I guess?”** He had even come to the same conclusion as Kay. It must have been *Hisa's* handiwork. The two of them weren't ignorant to the nekomata's tricks.

After all, being friends with Axel meant that they were often caught up in her antics.

Joseph felt fortunate that no one seemed to be around the outdoor bar even before he looked down. When he finally did? That feeling of good fortune only felt strong... although there was misfortune afoot to offset it. **“This... definitely does not fit.”** He was wearing a revealing, white bikini with matching cloth wrapping around his hips like a skirt. The cups of the bikini were *way* too big for the *no* boobs that he had, and the bikini bottom? His junk hardly fit inside. Although he reasoned that this wouldn't be the case for *long*.

And he was *correct*. *Hisa* tended to try and make it so that each victim's transformation unfolded differently if she was changing them in batches, and while Kay's had focused on adjusting his build first? Joseph's? Well... It immediately went for the *throat*. Not the *literal* throat, thankfully, but the proverbial throat of the transformation. **“Wh— Why *there* first!?”** In this case the crack in the man's voice didn't even seem out of place considering what *she* had just suffered.

The uncanny sensation of her cock and balls being yanked *inside* of her, where a womb was forged. The bulge in the front of her bikini had *already* been erased, but she was too afraid to pull the material forward to check the end results. If she *had*? She would have noticed the bush of bright blue pubes above her new, healthy slit. That blue was already beginning to emerge elsewhere on her body too. Her body hairs, her brows... and most prominently in the hair atop her head.

While Joseph remained befuddled by her changed sex, she was understandably ignorant to her changing hair color and the shifting of the facial features below it. Eyes narrowed while irises lit up with a very *unnatural* color: *red*. Trapped between lengthier eyelashes, they were the highlight of a face that increasingly became more and more beautiful, femininity pouring in around slimmed cheeks, an arched nose, and lips that grew thick and luscious. It was all framed by blue hair that cascaded out to her shoulders in length, but magic ended up pulling it into a side ponytail with a hair ribbon.

“Should I like, just take it as it comes~?” The woman wondered aloud in a voice that was bubblier *and* airier. It suited her changing appearance more, and the words she spoke were suggestive of how her mind was being affected. She was quick to accept what was becoming of her and didn’t really react much at all to her nearly six foot stature diminishing until she was only 5’3”. Not only were her arms legs, and body overall much shorter, but her hands and feet had thinned and pulled inward too. And had she *always* been that flexible with her toes? Hm!

Joseph hadn’t really been overweight or anything like that, but once she had shrunk vertically, she *did* thin in a sense. The olive tone of her skin was lightening in tandem with this trend, one that saw to it that the lines of her waist pinched into until she was only roughly eight inches across. The breath of this thinness was promptly exacerbated by the sight of nearby regions *growing*; by which time her skin had become a perfect porcelain pale.

It was her *hips* that ended up highlighting her thinner waist first and foremost. **“Whoa—!?”** And she almost *fell over* because of it considering how suddenly they had parted nearly *five inches*. The woman managed to catch herself, but her posture had been irreversibly altered by her widened gait. That gait *was* needed, mind you, and the *weight* that poured in immediately after was proof of as much.

She turned her neck to look back at her ass with curiosity. The bikini had just been hanging off of her before and widened hips had done a lot to make it impossible to fall off, but now she was watching it fit better and better thanks to the cheek of her own rump. **“Hmhm~?”** She didn’t vocalize much of her interest beyond that, reaching her manicured fingernails back to press into the taut flesh that she couldn’t even all fit into a single palm on one side. Cheeks had absolutely *ballooned* until the bikini bottom fit perfectly, and what couldn’t be packed into her ass further was blessed upon her thighs.

“**Not gonna lie, my mind feels kinda iffy...**” Was foggy a better word for it? Her memories just weren’t clicking, and she could tell some were different. A different *name* even bubbled up, but it was easy enough to just shrug it off and accept things as they were. Thinking of her huge ass now, hadn’t she definitely always had that? Well, the part of her that had changed anyways. She could also remember having a huge *rack*.

Those memories didn’t necessarily *trigger* what came next, but the timing *was* rather neat. In terms of changes, it was only really her (lack of) tits that stood out, but that gap was closed to fall in line with what the woman was now recalling. The *literal* gap between her chest and the loosely hanging bikini top, that was. Much like her friend, this change began with an engorging of her nipples that then moved into the flat chest below. Paler skin softened and bloated, becoming small lumps initially but then rapidly pushing out into A-cups, B-cups, and so forth. By the time they reached Cs they were already filled out her bikini top so that you couldn’t see her nipples, but before long they swung into *F-cups* of their own.

She didn’t seem to mind one bit, though!

“**This feels like a certified Lucky Lou moment~!**”

Regardless of everything she had just been through, *St. Louis* was bright and peppy – even quoting a saying she had picked up ‘recently’ according to the memories of this new life that she had been



bestowed. She legitimately felt very *fortunate* to have received this new body and identity. She was super cute and super *sexy*, right? And there was nothing to complain about there!

...Of course, Hisa had tweaked the personalities of both women to see their new lives as ‘preferable’ so that they’d lean into them.

St. Louis turned back to the nearby bar and pulled down the sunglasses that had recently appeared on her forehead. The moment her transformation had completed, the surrounding area had been populated by staff and other guests like they had been there all along, and she didn’t even seem to realize this as she skipped over to the clerk.

Her big tits bounced about as she did so. “I’d like a stiff drink, please~! But hmm... Should I get something for the others? What does Brennus even *drink*?”

I clicked my tongue with annoyance at the realization that my surroundings had changed. “**Well, Axel, you’ve fallen for another trick.**” A trick played by my *daughter*, that was. It felt as if that nekomata was using me for her games more and more as of late, but considering I was standing in what seemed to be an expensive, lavished cabin of a cruise ship? I had a feeling I understood what her angle was in this case. “**Maybe I shouldn’t have complained about needing a vacation...?**”

Because Hisa had seen that as an opportunity for whatever she had planned.

At first, I hadn’t moved around much aside from scanning my expensive looking surroundings. But with the first step I took towards the window, I was forced to pause. What I was wearing felt tight and was *really* digging into my stomach and dick. It didn’t take a genius to figure out *why* once I looked though. “**GAH!?**” I was wearing a black, one piece *women’s* swimsuit – if you could even call it that! My dick was popping out the side of the bottom, and my gut stretched the thin slits of nylon that bound it altogether. It felt like the kind of swimsuit a real *bombshell* would wear. One without much shame. *I* was neither. *Yet*.

Sniff, sniff! I inhaled deeply out of nowhere. Was I *trying* to sniff for something in particular? It wasn’t a habit I normally had, and at the time I didn’t really question it all that much though. “**My scent is...?**” Was it really the time to wonder how I smelled? I smelled like men’s deodorant! What else *would* I smell like? And why did I *care*? It was a sign of the more *bizarre* personality changes that had *already* begun to seep into my mind.

Accompanying those mental changes was a gradual shift in my body’s *color scheme*, or at least aspects of it. The part of my irises that surrounding my pupils gradually suffered a color change towards a pale purple, and the more my mind changed the closer that color moved towards outskirts of those irises – although the subtle shifting of their shapes so that they were rounder, and lashes longer, was also suggestive of a similar shift to what had befallen my friends.

My body was *already* pale, so the color of my skin didn’t change all that much. But there was a notable lack of *hair* upon my flesh all of a sudden. It was as if all of my body hair had suddenly been stolen away. All of it *aside* from the hair of my pubes, which became fuller than

normal – while also taking a purplish blue sheen. Not that I could *perceive* that. “**What am I doing here again? Looking for a certain scent, or...?**” No, that *wasn't* it, right? And why did the sound of my voice hit my ears wrong? Ears that were actually a little smaller, in fact.

The purplish blue in my pubes surfaced elsewhere, namely in my eyebrows and the short hair atop my head. Once the darker color was completely sapped away, however? An *abundance* of hair began to pour out from my scalp. Bangs fell down to nearly cover *both* of my eyes if not for a parting above my left eye, but that length *paled* in comparison to how the hair in the back fell *almost* to my ankles. It was thick and messy, but also carried the scent of a floral shampoo all of a sudden.

In the meantime? My perceived masculinity had taken a big hit more generally than the mere existence of such a feminine hairstyle. My rounded eyes had highlighted this previously, but it had consumed my *entire* facial structure before long. My face became cuter and *mostly* smaller, with the only outlier being how big and puffy my glossier lips had become. Of course, the teeth and tongue inside my mouth had adjusted to fit. But what was most surprisingly striking about my face?

It was actually how *thin* it was.

“**Urp!?**” I let out a tiny burp all of a sudden and instinctive... *sniffed the air?* Another strange scent-related habit that didn't make sense, yet I ultimately opted not to question. I rubbed at my tummy, a gut that extended about four inches from my waist, as if I was tending to the sensation of indigestion. I didn't notice how *smooth* and hairless that skin had become, nor how soft it was. It seemed the mental changes Hisa had imposed on me were *much* stronger. To the point that I wasn't seeing anything as *wrong*.

And this was equally true about why my stomach felt so disturbed all of a sudden. “**I'm a little hungry, actually...**” My stomach *had* grumbled, but not because of hunger. Even as I rubbed this belly, my hand found itself pressing closer and closer to my waist. Because that belly was *shrinking*. Weight was peeling off my body at an alarming rate, and before too long I was left with only the slightest bit of softness to my frame. This wasn't isolated to my gut alone, but also my limbs and chest. My waistline even went a step further and punched in until it was only roughly eight inches across.

But all of that weight didn't really *disappear* so much as it was *relocated*. I picked at the skimpy back of my revealing swimsuit where the black fabric was supposed to conceal my ass crack. My butt had shrunk while going from obese to healthy, but now? That ass grew once

more, this time inflating into a perky heart shape with the black wedged *into* the crack. It pulled the thin front against my dick and balls – or at least it *would* have.

If not for my *changed sex*, anyways. My dick and balls pulled and shrunk closer towards my pelvis *while* my ass, and the thighs that bled into it, expanded into their taut and attractive forms. By the time that growth was complete? A pussy had etched itself beneath my pubes. I was wholly a *woman* and didn't even seem to remember ever being a man.

“Where'd this wedgie even come from? But it feels kinda good... Ehehe...” Not only was this *not* the time, but my face contorted into a strangely *deranged* and *perverse* expression as I commented aloud. Had I been in my right mind then I might have noticed how my height dipped from nearly six feet to only 5'4" in that time. But I wasn't, and I *didn't*. As things turned out though, that loss of height had been *necessary*.

Necessary because there was no way the integrity of the swimsuit would have held at my original height with what grew *next*. It only didn't break because of the space afforded around my chest, but that space was soon in short supply thanks to the obvious emergence of my *tits*. Nipples grew and swelled, their erect points digging into the small, black triangles of the one piece before the mass beneath them began to push, and push, and *push*. Cream-colored skin jiggled as the weight inflated them little by little, and before long? Forget D-cup, E-cup, or anything like that. Each breast was *bigger than my head* and their weight made it necessary to adjust my posture.

A cute mole appeared
on my inner left tit,
though!

**“Sniff, sniff!
Hehehe... I smell
really good. But I
bet my scent would
be even better if it
mingled with
Brennus' and St
Louis'...”** The
strange, vaguely
perverse things I



could no longer stop myself from saying had become paired with a depraved smile that plastered by cute face as I giggled to myself. I couldn't help but fondle one of my gigantic tits as I thought about it, but fortunately I had enough sense to clear my head. **“Snap out of it, Mogador! Save it for when you're with them!”** Was that really a better route?

I still recalled being Axel, but it was *pointless*. I couldn't fight back against my new memories and personality. Being *Mogador* just felt *waaaay* more correct! I looked hot and I *felt* hotter, but the idea of being surrounded by other beautiful women in swimsuits? That made me even *hotter* than the Commander did! **“Hehehe... I should hurry along, shouldn't I~? I bet they haven't even gone in the pool yet!”**

“So, I bet they have *great scents!*” Was I really getting worked up over the idea of smelling the sweat of other people!?

Did it matter so long as I enjoyed it?